

THE FIELD FRATERNITY.

When God's dear justice is revealed—
The kingdom that the Father planned—
His children all will equal stand
As flowers in the field.

There each one has a goodly space—
Each yeoman of the flowery race;
Each has a foothold on the earth,
A place for business and for mirth.

No privilege bars a flower's access
To earth's whole store of preciousness;
The flowers stand level on God's floor
With equal nearness to his store.

And flowers, they have no private ends,
But stand together as close friends;
They send their beauty on all things,
An equal gift to clowns and kings.

They worry not; there is enough
Laid by for them of God's good stuff—
Enough for all, and so no fear
Sends heding on their blameless cheer.
This noble blessedness can be
In kingdoms of equality.

So from the field comes curious news,
That each one takes what it can use—
Takes what its lifted cup can hold
Of skye rain and beamy gold,
And all give back, with pleasure high,
Their riches to the sun and sky.

Yes, since the first star they have stood
A testament of brotherhood.
—Edwin Markham in Saturday Evening Post.

THE LOST MINIATURE.

It Reformed the Man
Who Found It.

By A. D. Lee.

"It is rather a peculiar case," he began.

I smiled wisely. Every one thinks his case peculiar. In reality it generally proves unusual only to the one concerned in it.

My book was turned, face down, on the window sill. I was ready to listen, but Allyn did not go on at once. He sat quietly gazing out of the window across the river. The smile was still on my face as I suggested:

"This 'peculiar case' certainly has its heroine."

"It has a heroine, yes." Allyn's eyes were so frank as they met mine. His gaze had not been so direct nor his face so clear the last time I had seen him. A year's absence from his old associate had certainly been good for him. It was a pleasure to look at him.

Just now his expression puzzled me. I could not fathom it, but it invited me to continue.

"Have you her photograph with you?"

"Yes." He drew out of his breast pocket a small red leather case and, opening it, handed it to me. It needed but one glance at the painted oval to make me exclaim impetuously:

"You love her. No one could doubt that an instant."

Such a picture! A dainty little head covered with short, curling hair; a delicate, loving, teasing face; dark, full, bewitching eyes. The throat was bare, and an indistinct mass of white gauze ended the portrait.

"You must love her," I spoke with conviction.

"I do," returned Allyn—"most sincerely."

Still his expression puzzled me. An inscrutable smile played over his face, but he delayed beginning the story he had volunteered to tell.

"And she?" I hesitated over the inquiry remembering what manner of man it was who had gone from us a year ago.

A gentle expression passed over Allyn's face.

"I think she is fond of me," he replied simply. I stretched out my hand and Allyn grasped it warmly.

"I do believe," he said earnestly, "that if ever a man was fortunate that man is I. Will you care to listen? I used to tell you things when I was a boy," he added apologetically.

I picked up my sewing, always lying ready against such times as this, and leaned back in my rocker.

Allyn reached for the picture. He leaned his head on one hand and his elbow on the table. In the other hand he held the case where his eyes could rest on the face. His own face became grave.

"It was a year ago. One night—or morning, rather—I landed on the ferry on the way to my lodgings. I couldn't get a street car or a cab. In fact, I was too drunk to think of either, so I stumbled along just keeping straight enough to escape the police. In front of my lodgings is an electric light. A slight fall of snow had whitened the pavement and made distinct this case beneath the light. I had just strength and sense enough left to pick it up, tumble over the stairs and stretch myself out on my couch."

Allyn snapped the case shut and paused a moment.

"Some time the next day I awoke and the first thing that attracted my attention was this—open on the floor and her eyes looking up at me—me in that condition."

An expression of disgust good to see came over the man's face.

"I quickly shut the case and put myself and my room in order. Then I sat down and studied her."

Still absorbed in his narrative, Allyn opened the case again and dropped his eyes on the photograph.

"I told you this was a peculiar case, and you will think, I fear, that I am a peculiar man. But the more I looked at her the more I wanted to look. I never parted with the miniature. I carried it around in my pocket and thought and thought about her until she became a living presence to me, a beautiful woman always with me. I became absentminded. The fellows complained, but I came to have an engagement always when they wanted me. My engagement was with this—the lady of the miniature. I had lost

my heart to her. About the original of the photograph I reasoned this way: She would not be carrying her own miniature around in all probability. It must have been lost by a friend, and probably—here was the hard part of it all—by her lover. If I advertised it, he would claim it, and I should not meet her.

"I didn't advertise. I did something far more irrational. I spent my spare hours searching. I visited stores and walked the streets. I haunted the residence part of the city. I went to the opera and scanned the boxes rather than the stage. Needless to say, I did not find her; yet I never lost hope. I felt I must find her and look at her. I felt this afresh every time I opened this case. I would not give up the search. When I had exhausted every resource of my own, I did something which I had shrunk from doing before; I haunted out the best detective in the city and told him to spare neither time nor money in finding her.

"Within two weeks I received a note from him. He was obliged to leave the town suddenly. He wrote something like this:

"I've found her at 320 Water avenue. Imogene Munroe. Will give you particulars when I return tomorrow. She is anxious to recover the miniature."

"But I could not wait the next day, and saw no reason why it would be necessary. I had the photograph and would take it to her. Because of it I should insure myself a reception at least."

"I went to 320 Water avenue that evening. It is an elegant residence in perfect keeping with the case and face. I had scribbled on my card, 'The finder of the miniature.' The maid who admitted me said that Miss Munroe was at home. She took the card and left me in the reception room. It was one of the most—what shall I call it?—delicious rooms I was ever in. One side was lined with deep windows draped in soft, dainty curtains and filled with plants and flowers. The air was heavy with the scent of roses.

"I stood before one of the windows looking at the blossoms when she came. She came so quietly and gently that I did not hear her. It was only when the sweetest, lowest, clearest voice I had ever heard said, 'At last I am to have my miniature,' that I knew she was in the room. I confess I trembled as I turned and took the hand of—"

Allyn stopped and smiled. It was a half sad, half amused, wholly inscrutable smile. My sewing had fallen into my lap, and I leaned forward listening breathlessly.

"The hand of the original of the picture. These eyes, this mouth, this delicate complexion, this same soft curling hair. I was looking on it all, the same but—"

Allyn raised his eyes. The amusement had faded away.

"The hair was snowy white, and the skin was wrinkled. Hers was indeed the face of the miniature, the face of 50 years ago. My foolish fancy was destroyed, but in its place came the sweetest little white haired lady that man was ever privileged to call friend. And this miniature! Some way I had a strange reluctance to part with it, and so here it is with me now. That is all," concluded Allyn abruptly.

"That is enough," I said quietly. "I think that face has stood between you and—"

Allyn broke in hastily:

"Oh, that is nothing. I couldn't carry this," holding up the photograph, "into such places as I had been frequenting, and so—well, it's all right."

Allyn buttoned up his coat and smiled at me frankly as he went out by way of the office door.

The doctor has always said there was the making of a man in that boy.—St. Louis Star.

Some Simple Remedies.

In one of the United States health reports published in Washington a few simple remedies for emergency uses are suggested. Witch hazel is one and is recommended as one of the quickest soothers and restorers of a tired brain. Bathe the eyes and forehead freely with the liquid and apply a cloth wet with it at the back of the neck.

Cloths wet in a strong solution of borax water are very cool and healing in case of a burn; care should be taken, however, to exclude the air in putting them on.

A tiny pinch of powdered borax placed on the tongue and allowed to dissolve slowly will almost instantly stop a hacking, irritating cough that may be disturbing one at night. The same treatment relieves an ulcer in the throat, and at the slightest irritation or soreness of the throat a gargle of salt water and borax will be found efficient.

Learning a Language.

How is it that Englishmen are not the best linguists in Europe? Simply and solely because of the general and absurd "deaf and dumb" method of studying foreign languages. Foreigners learning English know better than to waste years over books; they simply "chatter" and learn one word and expression after another, and become familiar with them by constant repetition, with the result that in a few months they can speak and write our language sufficiently well for all practical purposes.—London Mail.

A Submerged Forest.

There is a submerged forest on the Columbia river between the Dalles and the Cascade mountains. According to Mr. G. K. Gilbert, the submergence took place 350 years ago, and since then the roots have been under water, while the upper parts of the trunks have been bared yearly at low water. The bark is gone and the wood partly wasted away, but some of it is firm and looks fresh. This fact seems owing to the durable quality of the wood of that species—namely, the Pseudotsuga douglasii.

Young men of wealth who are expected to fill responsible positions in world of affairs are coming to realize that a man's worth depends not on the number of his father's dollars, but on his own individual merit and ability. A case in point, which may be quoted, is that of a young man employed in a famous steel mill in Massachusetts.

The young man is the son of one of the most prominent nobles in Sweden. His father is high in favor with the king, who has given him special honors and intrusted him with extraordinary functions. His ancestors in every generation for several centuries past have been illustrious in their country's service.

The young man's object in obtaining employment in an American rolling mill is to gain experience that will fit him to control a large iron and steel business which his father owns. He came here immediately on leaving the university, from which he was graduated with high honors. He expects to remain a full year in Massachusetts, after which he will go to other rolling mills for further experience.

He works hard, and the foreman says that he does not shrink from any duty, however laborious, and expects no consideration on account of his rank. He lives with the other men and dresses and fares as they do.

Millions will be spent in politics this year. We can't keep the campaign going without money any more than we can keep the body vigorous without food. Dyspeptics used to starve themselves. Now Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and allows you to eat all the good food you want. It radically cures stomach troubles.

H. C. Pierce, Barton; R. E. French, Glover; H. S. Webster, Barton Landing; G. W. Russell, Irasburgh.

The father who would assist his little boy in acquiring knowledge, must be willing to answer peculiar questions.

"Papa, what is an old saw—not the saw you saw wood with, but the kind this paper speaks about?"

"What old saw does the paper speak about?"

"That's what I want to know. It says, 'Everybody has heard the old saw, "never look a gift horse in the mouth." I want to know where the saw comes in.'"

"Well, there's your old saw. An old saw is an old proverb."

"Why shouldn't you look a gift horse in the mouth?"

"Because—because, it's in bad taste. It's ungrateful, and all that sort of thing."

"All what sort of thing?"

"Why, to look a horse in the mouth that has been given to you shows that it shows that you are not thinking of the giver, but of the value of the gift."

"What would anybody want to look a horse in the mouth for?"

"To tell how old it is."

"(After a pause.) 'Papa, can you tell how old a saw is by looking at its teeth?'"

And then, as there was no immediate answer, the conversation came to a standstill.—Household.

WHAT A TALE IT TELLS.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25 cts. at H. C. Pierce's drug store.

Old Teeth Bought.

The following curious advertisement recently appeared in a London paper: "Old False Teeth Bought.—Many ladies and gentlemen have by them old or disused false teeth, which might as well be turned into money. Messrs. R. D. and J. B., of — (established since 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them, they will remit you by return post the utmost value; or if preferred they will make you the best offer and hold the teeth over for your reply. If reference is necessary, apply to Messrs. —, bankers, Ipswich."

Impression Correct.

"Dingus, didn't I lend you \$10 a month or two ago?" "Shadbol, you did. If you had a good business head on your shoulders, you would be able to remember a loan like that with absolute certainty and wouldn't have to ask anybody about it."

Frowns and passes on.—Exchange.

Up In the Air.

This cyclone story is vouched for by the Minneapolis Better Way. It is that a cow which was picketed on a rope was picked up by the cyclone and carried up the length of her rope, about 60 feet, where she remained until the storm had passed, when she quietly climbed down the rope and resumed her grazing.

Scene Painting.

A good scene painter may get anywhere from \$400 to \$1,000 for a scene. The average price paid to the best half dozen scene painters for a scene is \$500. But there are a great many more scenes painted for \$100 than \$500.

As soon as a married man gets a comfortable home built he begins to worry his wife by talking about selling it.—Indianapolis Journal.

There is nobody quite so busy as the editor who tries to publish a ten page newspaper in a four page town.—Washington Post.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Gentle and healthy for the hair. Promotes the growth of the hair. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 Druggists.

PROBATE BUSINESS.

The following business was transacted by the probate court during the past week:

David Green estate, Albany. Commissioners' report returned and accepted.

M. M. Hutchinson estate, Lowell. Commissioners' report returned and accepted.

Chase minors, Glover. Guardian settles her account.

Roy P. Skinner, minor, Barton. Guardian settles his final account.

Amelia M. Olmstead estate, Barton. Administrator settles his account.

Mabel S. Joslyn estate, Barton. Commissioners' report returned and accepted.

Sylvanus Seavey estate, Barton. Commissioners' report returned and accepted.

Samuel Lathe estate, Craftsbury. Administrator settles his account. Dividend to creditors declared.

Cyrus C. Clark estate, Charleston. Executrix settles her account. Decree of distribution made.

Samuel Moody estate, Charleston. Administrator settles his account. Decree of distribution made.

Silas G. Bean estate, Newport. P. J. Farrell appointed administrator de bonis non with will annexed. H. S. Root and L. F. Kay appraisers.

Sarah Hood estate, Albany. License granted to sell real estate.

Samuel O. Flemming, non compos, Lowell. Appraisers' inventory returned and accepted.

Austin Flint estate, Troy. C. P. Hitchcock appointed administrator. C. C. Wheeler and Moses Lovellette, appraisers and commissioners.

M. M. Hutchinson estate, Lowell. Executors present their account. Referred to Barton, Sept. 14th, 1900.

Sherburn O. Locke estate, Derby. W. S. Robbins appointed administrator. Alvah Morrill and S. M. Davis commissioners.

TO SAVE HER CHILD.

From frightful disfigurement, Mrs. Nannie Gallagher, of LaGrange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica. Salve, to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in sores, bruises, skin eruptions, cuts, burns, scalds and piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by H. C. Pierce, druggist.

Directors of the Paris observatory state that the map of the heavens, on which work has been progressing for nearly ten years, is nearly completed. It will show about thirty million stars down to the fourteenth magnitude.

David City, Neb., April 1, 1900

Gentlemen:—I must say in regard to GRAIN-O that there is nothing better or healthier. We have used it for years. My brother was a great coffee drinker. He was taken sick and the doctor said coffee was the cause of it, and told us to use GRAIN-O. We got a package but did not like it at first, but now would not be without it. My brother has been well ever since we started to use it.

Yours truly, WILLIE SOKOR.

See some good picture in nature, if possible—or on canvas, hear a page of the best music or read a great poem, daily; you will always find a free half-hour for one or the other, and at the end of the years your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels to astonish even yourself.

THEY STRUCK IT RICH.

It was a grand thing for this community that such an enterprising druggist as H. C. Pierce secured the agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the wonderful remedy that has startled the world by its marvelous cures. The furor of enthusiasm over it has boomed their business as the demand for it is immense. He gives free trial bottles to sufferers, and positively guarantees it to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and all throat and lung troubles. A trial proves its merit. Price 50c and \$1.00.

Gent—(excited)—"I wish your paper would go to blazes."

Editor—Why, what is the matter now?"

Gent—"You reported the day before yesterday that a burglar had got into my house, had broken open my writing-desk and stolen the money out of it, but fortunately the thief had not perceived the watch which usually lies in another drawer."

Editor—Well, was not that correct?"

Gent—"Correct enough, as far as that goes, only the vile scamp came again last night and collared the watch."—Exchange.

"Through the months of June and July our baby was teething and took a running off of the bowels and sickness of the stomach," says O. P. M. Holiday, of Deming, Ind. "His bowels would move from five to eight times a day. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house and gave four drops in a teaspoonful of water and he got better at once." Sold by E. W. aBbron, Druggist.

God denies nobody the privilege of being helpful. The weakest and the poorest may have a high place among the helpers of men.

ASTOUNDED THE EDITOR.

Editor S. A. Brown of Bennettville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from dyspepsia," he writes: "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once and after using four bottles she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For indigestion, loss of appetite stomach and liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at H. C. Pierce's drug store.

Parsons' Pills
Doctors recommend them for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, all Liver and Bowel Complaints. They cleanse the blood of all impurities. Mild in their action. Of great benefit to delicate women. One pill is a dose. Thirty pills in a bottle enclosed in wood—25 cents; six bottles, \$1.00. Sold everywhere or sent post-paid.
I. S. JOHNSON & COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

Everybody Knows About Pain-Killer

A Household Medicine

Used by millions in all parts of the world
A SAFE and SURE REMEDY for
Cramps Coughs Bruises
Diarrhoea Colds Cuts
Dysentery Croup Burns
Sprains and Strains.
Gives instant relief. Cures quickly.
Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.
There is only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'.
Sample bottle mailed.
(Mention this paper.)

LYNDON SAVINGS BANK

LYNDONVILLE, VT.

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H. P. PILLSBURY, A. F. HOWLAND,
A. L. INGALLS.

FARMERS AND TEAMSTERS TAKE NOTICE.

I have obtained a patent for a section sled, and all who desire to have their sleds cut in sections call at Aaron Drown's shop. A sled having one or three beams can be cut easily.

31-6m AARON DROWN Barton, Vt.

Wool Carding

Done promptly and as it should be. Wool left at

F. W. Carr's Hardware Store, Newport.
Seaver's Store, North Troy,
G. W. Brackett's Store, West Charleston,
E. L. Gaskill's Store, West Burke,
carded and returned. No extra charge

Carding, Greasing and Washing, 11 cents.
No wool washed after October 20.

REMNANT SALE.

A new lot of those nice Remnants from our mill at from 30 to 35 cents per yard. A full stock of Rolls and Handspun Stocking Yarn at all times. (25c and 50c)

BARTON WOOLEN MILL.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

Estate of Enoch C. Rowell.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Orleans, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Enoch C. Rowell, late of Albany, in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid, at the late residence of said Enoch C. Rowell, on the 25th day of August and 25th day of January next, from 1 o'clock P. M. until 4 o'clock P. M., each of said days, and that six months from the 25th day of July, A. D., 1900, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Albany, this 7th day of August A. D., 1900.

33-35 M. B. CHAFFEY, Com'rs.
C. W. WILLIAMS, Com'rs.

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An Investment That Pays.

The Citizen's Drug and Supply Co., of Montpelier, Vt., is to incorporate and move to a new and larger store on Langdon street in July. The business has grown rapidly during the past year. A wholesale and retail business will be done as it is one of the best locations in the State. The Drug business pays good interest on the investment. If you want good interest on your money, write for particulars.
CITIZEN'S DRUG AND SUPPLY CO.,
Montpelier, Vt.

Bring in your

SUGAR